

A N
EXMOOR SCOLDING;
IN THE
Propriety and Decency
O F
EXMOOR LANGUAGE,
BETWEEN
TWO SISTERS,
Wilmot Moreman and *Thomafin*
Moreman,

As they were spinning.

ALSO, AN
EXMOOR COURTSHIP.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

E X O N:

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[*Price Six-pence.*]



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A N
EXMOOR SCOLDING.

THOMASIN.

LOCK! *Wilmot*, vor why vore ded'st roily zo upon ma up to *Challacomb* Rowl? — Ees dedent thenk tha had'st a be' zich a Labb o' tha Tongue. — What a Vengance! wart betwatled, or wart tha baggaged; — or had'st tha took a Shord, or a paddled?

WILMOT.

I roily upon tha, ya gurt, thonging, banging, muxy Drawbreech? — Noa, 'twas thee roil'st upon me up to *Daraty Vogwill's* Upzitting, when tha vung'st to, and be hang'd to tha! to *Rabbin*. — 'Shoud zem tha wart zeck arter Me-at and Me-al. — And so tha merst, by ort es know, wey guttering; as gutter tha will'st when tha com'st to good Tackling. — Bet zome zed *Shoor and shoor* tha ded'st bet make wise, to zee nif tha young *Josy Heaff-field* wou'd come to zlack thy *Boddize*, and whare a wou'd be O vore or no. — Bet 'twas thy old *Difyease*, Chun.

A 2

THOMASIN

THOMASIN.

Hey go ! What Disyeafe dest me-an, ya gurt, dugged-teal'd, swapping, rousling Blowze ? Ya gurt Roile, tell ma. Tell ma, a zey, what Disyeafe dest me-an ? — Ad ! chell ream my Heart to tha avore Ise let tha lipped. — Chell tack et out wi' tha to tha true Ben, fath ! Tell ma, a zey, what Disyeafe dest me-an that tha zest cham a troubled wey ?

WILMOT.

Why ; ya purting, tatchy, stertling, ghow-ering, prinking, mincing Theng, chell tell tha what Disyeafe. Is dedn't me-an the Bone-shave, ner the Heartgun, ner the Allernbatch that tha had't in thy Niddick. 'T'es better 'twar : Vor than Ount *Annis Moreman* cou'd ha' blessed vore, and net ha' pomster'd about et, as Moather ded.

THOMASIN.

What Disyeafe than, ya gurt Haggage ?

WILMOT.

Why, e'er zince tha wart Tonty, ay Zewn-teen, and avore, tha hast a be' troubled wey the Doul vetch tha.

THOMASIN.



THOMASIN.

What's me-an by that, ya long-hanjed Meazle? Dist hire ma? Tha call'st ma sterling Roil now-reert. — How dedst thee sterlee upon the Zels last Harest wey the young *Dick Vrogwill*, whan *George Vuzz* putch'd? — He told ma the whole Fump o' th' Besneze.

WILMOT.

O! the very Vengeance tear tha! — Dest thee tell me o' *Dick Vrogwill*? — Why thee art in a Ninniwatch e'ery other Torn, nif zo be tha dest bet zet Zeert in *Harry Vurdon*.

THOMASIN.

How! ya gurt, chounting, grumbling, glumping, zower-zapped, yerring Trash!

WILMOT.

Don't tell me o' glumping: Oll the Neighbourhooden know thee to be a veaking, blazing, tiltish Hufsey.

THOMASIN.

And thee art a crewnting, querking, yeavy, dugged-yefs, chockling Baggage.

WILMOT.

WILMOT.

Net zo chockling, ner it zo crewnting, as thee art, a colting Hobby-horse! — Nif tha deest bet go down into the Paddick, to stroak the Kee, thee wut come oll a gerred, and oll horry zo vurs tha art a vorked; ya gerred-teal'd, panking, hewstring Me-azel! — Thee art lick a skittish Sture jest a yooked. Tha woulst boist any-keendest Theng, tha art zo vore-reet, nif Vauther dedn't ha-ape tha.

THOMASIN.

Ay, ay! *Kester Moreman* wou'd ha' be hove up, nif zo be a had a had tha; a toteling, wambling, zlottering, zart-and-vair Yeat-stool.

WILMOT.

Ay, and zo wou'd the young *George Vuzz*, mun, whan a had a had a rubacrock, rouze-about, platvooted, zidle-mouth'd Swashbucket. — Pitha deest thenk enny Theng will e'er vittee or gooddee wey zich a whatnozed, haggletooth'd, stare-bafon, timersome, rixy, wapper-ee'd Theng as thee art?

THOMASIN.

Deest hire ma? Oll the Crime o' the Country goth, that whan tha liv'ft up to tha Cot, tha wert the Old *Rager Hill's* Under Bed-blonket.
And

And more 'an zo, that tha wart a chittering,
raving, racing, bozzom - chuck'd, rigging,
lonching, haggaging Moil.

WILMOT.

How ! ya confounded Trapes ! Tell me en-
ny more o' *Rager Hill's* Bed-blonket, ad !
chell pull the Poll o' tha ; chell plim tha,
chell vulch tha. Looks zee, — *Rager Hill* es
as honest a Man as enny in *Challacomb* ; — no
Dispreise.

THOMASIN.

And do thee tell me o' stertling upon the
Zefs, whan *George Vuzz* putch'd, chell gi' tha
a Lick ;—chell lay tha over the Years wey the
Vire-tangs. Ad ! chell ting tha. Thy buz-
zom Chucks were pretty vittee avore tha mad't
thyzel therle, and thy Vlesh oll wangery, and
thy Skin oll vlagged, with nort bet Agging,
and Veaking, and Tiltishness.

WILMOT.

Bed-Blonket akether ! Ha ! zey zitch a
Word more, chell cotton thy Waistecoat.
Chell thong tha, chell gi' tha zitch a Strat in
tha Chups, ya Grizzledemundy.

THOMASIN.

Me a Strat in tha Chups ? Dest hire ma ?
Come

Come aneest me, chell pummel tha, chell vag
tha, chell lace tha,

WILMOT.

Thee lace ma? Chem a laced well-a-fine
aready. — Zey wone Word more, and chell
bresh tha, chell tan tha, chell make thy Bod-
dize pilmee.

THOMASIN.

How a Man a zed! make my Boddize pil-
mee? Ad! if e'er tha squeakest wone Word
more o' tha Bed-blonket, chell trim tha, chell
crown tha, chell vump tha.

WILMOT.

Why dedst thee, than, tell me o' the Zefs, or
it of the Hay-pook, as tha dedst whileer?—
Chell drub tha, chell curry thy scabbed Yefs
var tha.

THOMASIN.

And why dedst thee, than, tell me 'Isterday
o' loosing my Rewden Hat in the Rexbush, out
a whorting? And more and zo, that the
young *Tom Vuzz* shou'd le-ave he's Cod glove!
—Ad! zey a Word more o' the young *Tom*
Vuzz, chell baste tha, chell stram tha, chell
drash tha; — chell make thy Kepp hoppee,
wi' thy *Vlanders* Lace upon't.

WILMOT.

WILMOT.

Vlanders Lace? What's me-an by that, ha-ah? Tell me enny more o' *Vlanders Lace*, chell make thy Yead addle. Chell up wi' ma Veeft, and gi' tha a Whifterpoop, and zitch a Zwop as shall make tha veel ma, looks zee!

THOMASIN.

Gi' me a Zwop? — Ad! chell gi' tha a Wherret, or a Zlat in the Chups, --- or up wi' thy dugged Coats, and tack tha gre-afy Yefs o' tha.

WILMOT.

Thee tack me, ya unlifty, ill-hearty, untidy Mea-zel? — *Andra* wou'd ha' had a Trub in tha, nif's Vauther hadent a strat the Match.

THOMASIN.

How, Dem! a Trub? --- Go, ye rearing, snapping, tedious, cutted Snibblenose! Th'art olways a vuffed up in an old Jump, or a Whittle, or an old Seggard, avore zitch Times as *Neckle Halse* comath about: --- Than tha wut prinkee. --- Thee haft a let the Kee go zoo vor Want o' strocking. It a vore oll th'art an abomination Pinchvart vor thy own Eends. — Ay, ay! Shoort, *Wilmot*, shoort! —

B

Zwer

Zwer thy Torn; or else tha tedst net carry whome thy Pad, and meet *Neckle Halse* by tha Wey. — He'll meet tha in the Vuzzy-park Coander by Cockleert, or avore, chell warndy.

WILMOT.

Tell ma wone Word more o' *Neckle Halse*, chell skull tha, tha hassent a be' a skull'd zo vor wone while. Ya gurt Fustilugs! The Old *Mag Dawkins* es but a Huckmuck to tha. Zet tha about ort, why, tha dest Thengs vore and back, a cat-hamm'd, a vore-reert, and vramp-shapen, like a Totle.

THOMASIN.

How! ye long-hanged Trapes! Ya blow-monger Baarge! Thee wut coal-varty a-bed avore Bevore-days. Th'art zo deeve as a Had-dick in chongy Weather. Or whan 'tes avrore, or a scratcht the le-aft Theng out, or whan fnewth, or blunketh, or doveth, or in scatty Weather, or in a tingling Vrost, than tha art theck-listed, and ba hang'd to tha.

WILMOT.

And thee art a lams'd in wone o' thy Yearms, and cassent zee a Sheen in thy Reart Ee.

THOMASIN.

THOMASIN.

Rex-bush ! — Fath ! tell me o' tha Rex-bush, ye teehing Pixy ! — Es marl who's more vor Rigging or Rumping, Steehopping or Rag-rowtering, Giggleting or Gambowling than thee art thyzel. — Pitha, deest'nt remember whan tha com'ft over tha Clam wi' tha Old *Hugh Hofegood*, whan tha Wawter was by Stave, how tha vel'ft in, and the Old *Hugh* drade thee out by tha vorked Eend, wi' thy dugged Clathers up zo vur as thy Na'el, whan tha wart just a buddled ?

WILMOT.

Lock ! deest dwallee, or tell doil ? — Pitha, tell reaznable, or hold thy Popping, ya gurt Wafhamouth.

So ends the First Bout.

T H E
EXMOOR SCOLDING.

B O U T the S E C O N D.

W I L M O T.

DIST hire ma, Dem? Chell ha tether Vinny wi tha. — Tha told'st ma now-reert, or a whilere, of Rigging and Rumping, Steehopping and Ragrowtering, Giggleting and Gamboyling. What's me-an by that? But thee, thee wut ruckee, and squattee, and doattee in the Chimly Coander lick an Axwaddle; and wi' the zame tha wut rakee up, and goo-kee, and tell doil, tell Dildrams and Buckingham Jenkins. — Ay, ay, poor *Andra Vursden* wud ha' had a rigmutton Rumpstall in tha, nif tad net ha' be' strat. A wud ha' had a coad, riggleting, parbeaking, piping Body in tha; olwey wone Glam or nether. And more an zo, there's no Direct to hot tha tell'st. Tha wut feb et heartily. Na, tha wut lee a Rope out-reert. Chad a most a borst my Guts wi laughing, whan's zee'd tha whilere trapesee

trapesee hum from tha *Yeanna Lock*, thy Shoes all besh—, thy Hozen muxy up zo vurs thy Gammerels to tha very Hucksheens o' tha, thy Gore Coat oll a girred, thy Head-Claithing oll a foust; thy Waistcoat oll horry, and thy Pancrock a kiver'd wi' Brifs and Buttons.

THOMASIN.

Why thare zo! Bet dist net thee thenk, ya long-hanged Trapes, that tha young *Josy Yeaff-field* wud ha' be' plasad, whan ha had zitch a crewdling Theng as thee art? Eart lunging, eart squatting upon thy tether Eend. Zey ort to tha, why tha wut twitch up thy Teal, and drow up thy Noaze, and take Owl o', or take Pip o'. Nif won zey the le-aft Theng out, tha wut purtee a Zinnet arter.

WILMOT.

How, Hufsey! ya confounded Trash! Dist remember whan tha wenst out in tha Vuzzey-Park, in tha Desk o' tha Yeaveling, jest in the Dimmet, wi' tha young *Humphry Hosegood*, — and how a mullad and foulad about tha? Ha bed tha zet down; — and tha zedst tha wudst net, nif ha dedent blow tha down. Zo ha blow'd, and down tha valst. Who shud be hard by (vor 'twos in
tha

tha Dimmet) bet tha Square's Bealy, — and vorewey ha cry'd out that *oll Windvalls belongad to's Measter*. Wey tha zame tha splettest away — down tha Pennet — hilter skilter — as if tha Dowl had ha' be' in tha Heels o' tha.

THOMASIN.

Oh the Dowl splet tha! who told theckee Strammer?

WILMOT.

Why, 'twos thee thy own zel up to fooling o' Terra's.

THOMASIN.

Oh! a Plague confound tha! deest tha thenk ees ded tell't to tha to ha' et a drode vore agen? Well, 'tes well a fine. — Es can drow vore worfe Spalls than that to thee: — Ad! es cud rep tha up.

WILMOT.

What, a Dowl, and be hang'd to tha, canst tha drow vore to me?

THOMASIN.

How many Times have es a hord tha, and a zeed tha, pound Savin, to make Metcens,

Metcens, and Leckers, and Caucheries, and Zlotters. — 'Tis good to know vor why vore.

WILMOT.

Oh! a Plague rat tha! — Ya mulligrub Gurgin! ya shug Meazel! — Th'art good vor nort bet a Gapes - nest. A gottering hawcha - mouth Theng! Whan tha com'st to good Tackling, thee wut pochee, and hawchee, and scrumpee; tha wut net look vor Lathing, chell warndy; and nif et be Loblolly, tha wut slop et oll up.

THOMASIN.

How a Man a zed! How dedst thee pochee and hawchee, and scrumpee, whan tha young *Zaunder Vurdon* and thee stey'd up oll tha Neert a roasting o' Taties? pritch tha vor me! — Why than tha wut be a-prilled, or a mug-gard, a Zennet outreert; and more an zo, thee wut rowcast, nif et be thy own Vauther. Nif tha beest a zend to Vield wi tha Drenking, or ort, to the Voaken, whare they be shoolding o' Beat, handbeating, or angle-bow-ing, nif tha com'st athert *Rager Hofegood* tha wut lackee an over-while avore tha com'st, and ma' be net trapefee hum avore the Desk o' tha Yeavling, ya blow-maunger Ba-arge! Oll vor palching about to hire Lees to vine-dra
Voaks.

Voaks. Whan tha goest to tha melking o' tha Kee, in tha Vuzzy Park, thee wut come oll a dugged, and thy Shoes oll mux, and thy Whittle oll besh--. Tha wut let tha Cream-chorn be oll horry, and let tha Melk be buck-ard in buldering Weather.

WILMOT.

Tell me o' *Rager Hofegood*, chell make thy Kep hoppee. — Ay, ay, es marl hot to tha Vengeance the young *Zaunder Vursdon* wud ha had a do wi' tha, nif ha had a had tha. Vor why? Tha hast no Sproil ner Docity, no Vit-tinefs in enny keendest Theng. — Tha cortst tha natted Yeo now-reert, or bet leetle rather, laping o'er the *Joanna Lock*: (Chell tell Vau-ther o't zo zoon es ha comath hum vrom Angle-bowing, don't queffon't.) Hot ded tha Yoe do, whan tha had'st a cort en by tha heend Legs o'en — (but vurst ha button'd; — 'tes a Marl tad net a valled into tha Pancrock, as uzeth to do); bet thof ha ded viggee, and potee, and towsee, and tervée, and loustree, and spudlee, and wriggled, and pawed, and wraxled, and twinned, and rattled, and teared, vig vig, vig vig, yet rather than tha wudst ha' enny more Champ, and Holster, and Tanbast wi' en, tha tokst en, and dedst wetherly bost tha Neck o'en.

THOMASIN.

THOMASIN.

And nif tha deſt pick Prates upon me, and tell Vauther o', chell tell a zweet Rabble-rote upon thee, looks zee. Vor whan tha ſhuddſt be about tha Yeavling's Chuers, tha wut ſpudlee out the Yewmors, and ſcreedle over mun: And more and zo, tha wut roily eart upon wone, and eart upon another, zet Voaks to bate, lick a gurt Baarge as tha art: And than Getſer *Radger Sberwell* he muſt qualify't agen. Whan tha art zet agog, tha deſent caree who tha ſculleſt: 'Twos olweys thy Uze; and chem ageſt tha wut zo vore thy Een. Tha haſt tha very Daps o' thy old muxy Ount *Sybly Moreman* upazet.

WILMOT.

Why, ya gurt Roil, chant zo bad's thee. Thee wut ha' a Hy to enny Keſſen Soul. Than tha wut chocklee, and bannee, and bla-zee, and roundſhave enny body that deth bet zey Ay to tha. Tha wudſt buy tha Cot up to Town rather than thy Live; but tha haſſent tha wharewey; and tha wudſt kiſs tha Yeſs of *George Hoſegood* to ha' en; but tha haſent tha Why vor Ay.

THOMASIN.

How! ya mulligrub Gurgin?

C

WILMOT.

WILMOT.

And thee at a long-hanged blowmonger
Baarge vor telling me o' *Neckle Halse*, and
tha Square's Bealy, and tha Zefs.

THOMASIN.

And thee art a convounded Trash vor tel-
ling me of an Under Bed-blonket, and o'
ponuding Savin, and making Caucheries and
Slotters wi't. Tha art a Beagle, Chun, pritch
tha! vor anether Trick. Chad et in my
Meend, and zo chawe still. Bet chawnt
drow et out bevore tha begen'st agen, and
than chell.

WILMOT.

Hiego! Mrs. *Hi-go shit-a-beagle!* And
hot art thee? Tha wut drow, and hen, and
flat, — flat tha Podgers, flat tha Crock,
flat tha Keeve and tha Jibb, boft tha Cloam.
Tha haft a most a stinned e'ery earthly Theng
in tha Houze. Absleutly tha art bygaged.
Ay, ay, Ont *Magery* was Death the near
vor tha. Her moort ha' vet et, nif zo be
tha hadst net let her totee op, and do zo ort.

THOMASIN.

Why there low! *Bygaged!* And hot dedst
thee do bet jest now-reert? Tha henst along
thy

thy Torn, tha wudst ha' bost en to Shivers,
 nis chad net a vung en, and pung'd en back
 agen. Than tha wut snappy, and than thu
 wut cunniflee, and than tha wut bloggy.

WILMOT.

And hot art thee? A brocking Mungrel,
 a skulking Mea-zel! — And it a vore oll
 good vor nort bet scollee, avore tha art a
 hoazed that tha cast scarce yeppy. Petha,
 dest thenk enny Theng will goodée or vittee
 wi' enny zitch a Trub es thee art, — that
 dest net caree to zey thy Praers? — bet —
 wut strammee, and fibbee, and blazee, and
 bannce: And more an zo, wut coltee and
 riggee wi' enny Trolubber thet comath athert
 tha. And whan tha dest zey men, 'tis bet
 whilst tha art scrubbing, hewstring, and rit-
 ling abed. And, nis by gurt Hap tha dest
 zey men at oll, thy Marrabones shan't kneelee,
 — thot tha cast ruckee well a fine. —
 'T'es a Marl if e'er tha comst to Hewn only
 to zey men; zence tha ne'er zest men, chell
 warndy, bet whan tha art half azlape, half-
 dozy, or scrubbing o' thy scabbed Yefs, whan
 tha art a coal-varting abed, ya gurt Lollipop!
 — Tha hasn't tha Sense to stile thy own
 Dressing. Vor why, et wel zet arter tha,
 ether antlebeer lick tha Dorns of a Door, or
 wotherwey twel zet along or a weewow, or oll

a puckering. Tha zedst twos squelstring and whot while'er. Ad! tha wut be mickled and a steeved wi' tha Cold vore 'T*Andra's Tide*, Chun, nif tha dessent buy tha a new Whittle.

THOMASIN.

Why, ya gurt Kickhammer Baggage! thee art good vor no Sauze. Tha wut net break tha Cantlebone o' thy tether Eend wi' chuering, chell warndy; tha wut net take et zo vreach, ya sauntering Troant!

WILMOT.

Heigo! sauntering Troant than! Vor why vor dest tell wone, than, o' tha Rex-bush, and tha Hey-pook and tha Zefs?

THOMASIN.

And why vore dest thee drow vore zitch Spalls to me? — Go pey tha Score vor tha Lecker tha hast a had zo ort in thy Teen-ing Bottle. — There's a Rumple, Chun!

WILMOT.

Nif tha young *George Hosegood* had a had tha, ha murt a *boxed* in a little Time. Ha wud soon ha' be' condiddled. — It a-vore oll, avore Voak, tha wut lustree, and towzee, and chewree

chewree, and bucklee, and tear, make wise,
as passath; and out o' Zeert a spare Tote
in enny keendest Theng.

THOMASIN.

Why, thare's Odds betwe' Sh—ng and
Tearing won's Yefs. Wone mussent olweys
be a boostering, must a? — But thee, —
thee wut steehoppee, and colty, and hobby,
and riggy wi' enny Kesson Zoul: Oll vor
whistering and pistering, and hoaling and hal-
zening, or cuffing a Tale.

WILMOT.

Ad! tell me o' hobbing and tigging, chell
vlee to tha Kep o' tha.

[Pulls her Poll.]

THOMASIN.

Oh! — oh! — Mo-ather! — Mo-ather!
— Murder! — Oh! Mo-ather! — Her hath
a chuck'd ma wi' tha Chingstey. — Es
verly bleive es shell ne'er vet et. — And
nif's dont vet et, looks zee, in a Twelve-
month and a Dey, Cuzzen *Kester Broom*
shell zee tha a trest up a Ground. —
He shall zee tha zwinged, fath!

Enter

Enter the Old JULIAN MOREMAN.

JULIAN.

Labbe, labbe, Soze, labbe. ——— Gi' o'er, gi' o'er, *Tamzen.* ——— Ad! they be olweys wother egging or veaking, jawing or sheering, blazing or racing, kerping or speaking cutted, chittering or drowing vore o' Spalls, purting or ghowering, yerring or chounting, taking Owl o' wone Theng or Pip o' tether, chockling or pooching, ripping up or roundhaving wone tether, stivering or grizzling, tacking or busking, a prill'd or a muggard, blogging or glumping, rearing or snapping, vrom Candle-doubting to Candle-teening in tha Yeavling, ——— gurt Hap else.

So ends the SCOLDING.

A N

A N
EXMOOR COURTSHIP,
OR A
SUITORING DISCOURSE,
IN THE
Devonshire DIALECT and MODE,
NEAR
The Forest of *EXMOOR*.

The PERSONS.

ANDREW MOREMAN, a young Farmer.

MARGERY VAGWELL, his Sweetheart.

Old Gammer NELL, Grammer to MARGERY.

THOMASIN, Sister to MARGERY.

A N
EXMOOR COURTSHIP.

SCENE MARGERY's Home.

To MARGERY enter ANDREW.

ANDREW.

HOW goeth et, Cozen *Magery*?

MARGERY.

Hoh! Cozen *Andra*, how d'ye try?

ANDREW.

Come, let's shake Honds, thof Kissing be scarce.

MARGERY.

Kissing's plenty enow; bet chud zo leefe kifs the Back o' ma Hond es e'er a Man in *Challacomb*, or it in *Paracomb*; no Dispreze.

D

ANDREW

ANDREW.

Es dont beleive thek, yet it es believe well too.

[*Zwoop! he kisses and smuggles her.*]

MARGERY.

Hemp! — Oh! tha vary Vengance out o' tha! — Tha haft a creem'd ma Yearms, and a most a bost ma Neck. — Well, bet, vor oll, how dost try, es zey, Cozen *Andra*? Es hant a zee'd ye a gurt while.

ANDREW.

Why, fath, Cozen *Magery*, nort marchantable, e'er zince es scor'ft a Tack or two wey *Rager Vrogwell* tether Dey. — Bet zugs! es trem'd en and vagg'd en zo, that he'll veel et vor wone while, chell warndy.

MARGERY.

How, Cozen *Andra*! Why es thort ye coudent a vort zo.

ANDREW.

Why, 'twos oll about *thee*, mun; — vor es chan't hire an eel Word o' tha.

MARGERY.

MARGERY.

How! about *me*! — Why, why vore about *me*, good zweet now? — Of a Ground ha can zey no Harm by ma.

ANDREW.

Well, well, no Mater. Es coudent hire tha a run down, and a roilad upon zo, and zet still lick a Mumchance, and net pritch en vort.

MARGERY.

Why, whot, and be hang'd to en, cou'd a zey o' *me*, a gurt Meazel?

ANDREW.

Es begit tha Words now; — bet ha roilad zo, that es coudent bear et. — Bet a dedent looze hes Labour, fath; vor es tos'd en, es lamb'd en, es lace'd en, es thong'd en, es drash'd en, es drumm'd en, es tann'd en to tha true Ben, fath: — Bet flap! cham avore ma Story. — Zes I, *Thee, thee art a pretty Vella!* Zes he, *Gar! thee cassent make a pretty Vella o' ma.* — No, agar, zes I, vor *th'art too ugly to be made a prctty Vella, that's true enow.* Gar! a was woundy mad than. — *Chell try thek, zes he.* — *As zoon's tha wut, zes I.* — Zo up a roze, and to't

we went. — Vurft a geed ma a Wisterpoop under tha Year, and vorewey a geed ma a Vulch in tha Leer. — Ad! than es rakad up, and tuck en be tha Collar, and zo box'd en, and zlapp'd en, that es made hes Kep hoppy, and hes Yead addle to en.

MARGERY.

Well, es thenk ye, Cozen *Andra*, vor taking wone's Peart zo. — Bet cham ageft he'll go vor a Varrant vor ye, and take ye bevore tha Cunsabel; and than ye mey be bound over, and be vorst to g' in to *Exter* to Zizes; and than a mey zwear tha Peace of es, you know. — Es en et better to drenk Vriends and make et up?

ANDREW.

Go vor a Varrant! Ad! let en, let en go; chell net hender en: Vor there's *Tom Vuzz* can take hes cornoral Oath thet *be* begun vurft. — And if a does, chell ha' as good a Varrant vor *be*, as he can vor *me*, dont queffon et: Vor tha Turney into *Moulton* knows *me*, good now, and has had zome zweet Pounds o' Vauther bevore ha dy'd. And if he's a meended to go to *La*, es can spend Vorty or Vifty Shillings as well's he. And zo let en go, and wipe whot a zets upon Zendeys wey hes Varrant. — Bet hang en, let's ha
nort

nort more to zey about en ; vor chave better
Bezeneze in Hond a gurt deal.

*[He takes Hold of ber and paddles
in ber Neck and Bojom.]*

M A R G E R Y.

Come, be quiet ; — be quiet, es zey, a
grabbling o' wone's Tetties. — Es wont ha'
ma Tetties a grabbed zo ; ner es wont be
mullad and foulad. — Stand azide ;
come, gi' o'er.

A N D R E W.

Lock, lock ! How skittesh we be now !
You werent zo skittesh wey *Kester Hofegood*
up to *Daraty Vuzz's* Up-zetting. — No,
no, you werent zo shittesh than, n'er zo
squeamesh nether. — *He* murt mully and
foully tell a wos weary.

M A R G E R Y.

Es believe the vary Dowl's in Voke vor
leeing.

A N D R E W.

How ! zure and zure, you wont deny et,
wull ye, whan oll tha Voaken took Noteze
o'et.

M A R G E R Y.

MARGERY.

Why, Cozen *Andra*, thes wos the whole Fump o' the Bezeneze. — Chawr in wey en to donce; and whan the Donce was out, tha Croud cry'd *Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak*, (as a uzeth to do, you know) and a cort ma about the Neck, and woudent be a zed, bet a woud kifs ma, in spite o' ma, do what es coud to hender en. — Es coud a borst tha Croud in Shivers, and tha Crouder too, a vouf Zlave as a wos, and hes Viddlesteck to tha Bargain.

ANDREW.

Well, well, es b'ent angry, mun. — And zo lets kifs and Vriends. — [*Kisses her.*] — Well, bet, Cozen *Magery*, oll thes while es hant told tha ma Arrant; — and chawe an over Arrant to tha, mun.

MARGERY.

[*Simpering.*] Good zweet now, whot Arrant es et? Es marl whot Arrant ye can ha' to *me*.

ANDREW.

Why, vath, chell tell tha. Whot zignavies et ta mence tha Mater? Tes thes; *bolus nolus* wut ha' ma?

MARGERY.

MARGERY.

Ha' ma? Whot's thek? Es I cant tell
whot ya me-an by thek.

ANDREW.

Why, than, chell tell tha vlat and plean.
Ya know es kep *Challacomb*-Moor in Hond;
tes vull statad: Bet cham to chonge a Live
vor dree Yallow-beels. And than there's tha
Lant up to *Parracomb* Town: And whan es
be to *Parracomb*, es must ha' wone that es
can trest to look arter tha gerred-teal'd Mea-
zels, and to zar tha Ilt and tha Barra, and
melk tha Kee to *Challacomb*, and to look arter
the Thengs o' tha Houze.

MARGERY.

O Varjuice! Why, Cozen *Andra*, a good
steddy Zarrant can do oll thes.

ANDREW.

Po, po, po! chell trest no Zarrants. —
And more an zo, than they'll zey by me,
as they ded by Gaffer *Hill* tether Day: *They
made two Beds, and ded g' in to wone.* —
No, no, es bant zo mad nether. — Well,
bet, look, deft zee, Cozen *Magery*; zo vur
vore es tha wut ha' ma, chell put thy Live pon
Parracomb-Down. Tes wor twanty Nobles a
Year and a Pufs to put men in,

MARGERY.

MARGERY.

O vile ! Whot marry ? — No chant ha' tha best Man in *Challacomb*, ner it in *Parra-comb*. Na, chell ne'er marry, vor ort's know. No, no ; they zey thare be more a marry'd aready than can boil tha Crock o' Zendeys. — No, no, Cozen *Andra* ; coud amorst zwear chudent ha' tha best Square in oll *England*. — Bet, come ; prey, Cozen *Andra*, zet down a lit. Es must g' up in Chamber, and speak a Word or two wey Zester *Tamzin*. Hare's darning up of old Blonkets, and rearting tha Peels, and snapping o' Vleas. — Es ell come agen prezently.

ANDREW.

Well, do than ; bet make Haste, d'ye zee. — Mean time chell read o'er tha new Ballet cheve in ma Pocket.

MARGERY.

New Ballet ! O good now, let's hire ye zing et up.

ANDREW.

Zing ! — No, no ; tes no zinging Ballet, mun ; bet tes a godly one good now.

MARGERY.

MARGERY.

Why, whot's about, than?

ANDREW.

Why, tes about a Boy that kill'd hes Vauther; and how hes Vauther went agen, in Shape of a gurt voul Theng, wey a cloven Voet, and Vlashes o' Vire, and troubled tha Houze zo, that tha Whatjecomb, tha Whit-Witch, was vorst to lay en in tha Red-Zea; and how tha Boy repented, and went distracted, and was taken up, and was hang'd vor't, and zung Saums, and zed hes Praers. 'Twull do your Heart good to hire et, and make ye cry lick enny Theng. — There's tha Picture o'en too, and tha Parson, and tha Dowl, and tha Ghost, and tha Gallows.

MARGERY.

Bet es et true, be zure.

ANDREW.

True! — O La! Yes, yes; es olweys look to thek. Look zee, tes here in Prent *Lissen'd according to Order*. That's olweys prented on whot's true, mun. — Es took care to zee thek whan es bort en.

MARGERY.

Well, well, read et; — and chell g'up to Zefter.

E

SCENE

SCENE the Chamber.

To THOMASIN enter MARGERY.

MARGERY.

OH! Zester *Tamzen*! — Odd! ee es a come along, and vath and trath hath a put vore tha *Question* to ma a ready. — Es verly belive tha *Banes* wull g' in next *Zindey*. — Tes oll es ho vor. — Bet es tell eu, *Marry a-ketba*! and tell en down-reert es chant marry tha best Man in *Sherwill* Hunderd. — Bet dest tha hire ma, Zester *Tamzen*; dont ye be a Labb o' tha Tongue in what cham a going to zey, and than es chell tell tha zometheng. — Tha *Banes*, cham amorst zure, wull g' in other a *Zindey* or a *Zindey-zenneert* to vurdest. Es het abo' Two and Twonty; — a spicy *Vella* and a vitty *Vella* vor enny keendest *Theng*. — Thee know'ft *Jo Hefegood* es rekou'd a vitty *Vella*: Poo! Es a zooterly *Vella* to *Andra*; there's no Compare.

THOMASIN.

Go, ya wicked Countervit! why dost lee
 20 agent thy Meend; and whan ha put
 vore

vore tha Question tell en tha wudsent marry?
 — Besides, zo vur as know'it, ha murt take
 Pip o', and meach off, and come no more
 anearst tha,

MARGERY.

Go, ya Alkitotle! ya gurt voolesh Trapes!
 Dest thee thenk a beleev'd ma, whan es
 zed a chudent marry? Ee es net zo zart-
 a-baked nether. Vor why? Es wudent be
 too vurward nether; vor than ee murt dra
 back. — No, no; vor oll whot's zed, es
 hope tha Banes wull go in, es zey, next
 Zindey. — And vath, nif's do vall over
 tha Desk, twont thir ma, ner it berst ma
 Bones. — Bet nif they dont g' in by Zin-
 dey-zenneert, chell tell tha, in shoort Com-
 pany, es chell berst ma Heart. — Bet
 es must go down to en; vor he's by es
 zel oll thes while.

E.

SCENE

vote the Question tell on the wretched marry?
 and come in more
 SCENE the Ground-Room again.

To ANDREW enter MARGERY.

ANDREW.

WELL, Cozen *Magery*, cham glad you're
 come agen: Vor thes Ballet es zo very
 good, that et makes wone's Heart troubled to
 read et.

MARGERY.

Why, put et up than, while es git a
 Puteher o' Zyder. Wull ye eat a Croust
 o' Bread and Cheeze, Cozen *Andra*.

ANDREW.

No, es thankee, Cozen *Magery*; vor es
 eat a Crub as es come along; bezides es
 went to Dinner jest avore. — Well, bet,
 Cozen *Magery*, whot Onser dest gi' ma to
 tha Queffon es put vore now-reert.

MARGERY.

Whot Queffon wos et?

ANDREW.

Why, zure, ya bant zo vorgetvul. Why,
 tha Queffon es put a little rather.

MARGERY.

MARGERY.

Es dont know whot Queffon ye mean; es begit whot Queffon twos.

ANDREW.

Why, to tell tha vlat and plane agen, twos thes; *Wut ha' ma, ay or no.*

MARGERY.

Whot! marry to Earteen? — Es gee tha zame Onfer es geed avore, Es wudent marry tha best Man in oll *England*. Es cud amorst zwear chud ne'er marry at oll. — No more chont — vor ort's know. — And more and zo, Cozen *Andra*, cham a told ya keep Company wey *Tamzen Hofegood*, thek gurt banging, thonging, muxy Drawbreech, daggles-teal'd Jade, a zower-zop'd, yerring, chockling Trash, a buzzom-chuck'd haggaging Moyle, a gurt Fustilug. Hare's a Trub. And nif ya keep hare Company, es'll ha no more to zey to tha.

ANDREW.

Ay, thes es *Jo Hofegood's* Flimflam. — Oh, tha vary Vengeance out o'en!

MARGERY.

No, no; tes none of *Jo Hofegood's* Flimflam; bet zo tha Crime o' tha Country goth.

ANDREW.

ANDREW.

Ah, bet twos *Yo Hofegood's* zetting vore in
tha vurst Place. Ha wull lee a Rope upreert.
— Whan ha hath a took a Shord, and a
paddled, ha wull tell Doil, tell Dildrams, and
roily upon enny Kesson Zoul. — Ad! nif es
come ather en, chell gee en a Lick; — chell
ly en o'er tha Years; — chell plim en, chell
toze en, chell cotten en, chell thong en, chell
tann en; — chell gee en a Strat in tha Chups;
— chell vag en, chell trem en, chell drash en,
chell curry hes Coat vor en; — chell drub en,
chell make hes Kep hoppy. — Ad! chell gee
en zuteh a Zwop! — chell gee en a Whappet,
and a Wherret, and a Whisterpoop too: —
Ad! chell baste en to tha true Ben.

*[Speaks in a great Passion, and shews with
his Hands how he'll beat his Adversary.]*

MARGERY.

Lock, lock, lock! Cozen *Andra!* Vor
why vore be ye in zitch a vustin Vume? —
Why, es dont zey twos *Yo Hofegood* zes zo,
bet only zo tha Crime o' tha Country goth.

ANDREW.

Well, well, Cozen *Magery*, be't how twull,
whot carce I? — And zo, Good-buy, Good-
buy t'ye, Cozen *Magery*. — Nif Voaken be
jealous

jealous avore they be married, zo they mey arter. — Zo Good-buy, Cozen *Margery*. Chell net trouble ye agen vor wone while, chell warndy.

[*Going.*]

MARGERY.

[*Calling after him.*] Bet hearky, hearky a Bit, Cozen *Andra*! Es wudent ha ye go away angry nether. Zure and zure you wont deny to zee ma drenk? — Why ya hant a tasted our Zyder yet. [*ANDREW returns.*] Come, Cozen *Andra*, here t'ye.

ANDREW.

Na, vor that Matter, es owe no Ill-will to enny Kesson, net I. — Bet es wont drenk, nether, except ya vurst kifs and Friends.

[*Kisses her.*]

MARGERY.

Ya wont be a zed. — [*He drinks.*] — Well, bet hearky, Cozen *Andra*; wont ye g' up and zee Grammer avore ye g' up to *Challacomb*? — Tes bet jest over tha Paddick, and along tha Park.

ANDREW.

Es carent much nif's do go zee Old Ont *Nell*. — And how do hare tare along?

MARGERY.

MARGERY.

Rub along, d'ye zey? — Oh! Grammer's
wor Vower Hunderd Pounds, reckon tha
Goods indoor and out a door.

ANDREW.

Cham glad to hire et; vor es olweys thort
her to ha be bare Buckle and Thongs.

MARGERY.

Oh! no, mun; hare's mearty well to pass,
and maketh gurt Account o' me, good now.

ANDREW.

ANDREW.

Cham glad to hire o' thek too. Mey be
hare mey gee tha a good Stub. — Come,
let's g'ender than.

[Takes her Arm under bis,
and leads her.]

SCENE

SCENE Old Gammer NELL's.

To her enter ANDREW and MARGERY.

ANDREW.

GOOD Den, good Den, Ont *Nell*. —
Well, how d'ye try? How goth et
wey ye.

OLD NELL.

Why, vath, Cozen *Andra*, pritty vitty,
whot's chur. Chad a Glam or two about
ma. — Chad a Crick in ma Back and in
ma Niddick. Tho chur a lamps'd in wone
o' ma Yearms. Tho come to a Heartgun:
Vorewey struck out and come to a Barngun.
Tho come to an Allernbatch; and vorewey
vell in upon ma Bones, and come to a Bone-
shave. — Bet e'er zens the Old *Jillian Vrinkle*
blesfed vore tes pritty vitty; and cham come
to my Meat-list agen. — Well, bet hearky,
Cozen *Andra*: Es hire ya lick a lit about
ma Cozen *Magery*; ay, and have smelled
about her a pritty while. Chawr a told that
ye simmered upon wone tether up to *Grace*
Vrogwill's Bed Ale. — Well, Cozen *Andra*,
twull do vary well vor both. No matter
F how

how zoon. Cham oll vore, and zo chawr zo zoon's es hir'd o'et. — Hare's net as zome Giglets, zome prenkling mencing Thengs be, oll vor Gamboyling, Rumping, Steehopping, and Giggleting; bet a tyrant Maid vor Work, and tha stewardlieft and vittieft Wanch that comath on tha Stones o' *Moulton*, no Dispreife.

MARGERY.

[*Softly aside to her.*] Thenk ye, Grammer, thenkee keendly. — And nif es shoudent ha en shou'd borst ma Heart. — [*Aloud.*] Good Grammer, dont tell me of marrying. Chave a told Cozen *Andra* ma Meend aready, thet chell *ne'er* marry vor ort es know.

OLD NELL.

Stap hether, Cozen *Magery*, a lit and tern these Cheesen. — [*Pretendedly private to her.*] Go, ya Alkitotle, why dedst tell zo, tha wert *ne'er* marry? Tha wutten ha tha leek; a comely spreyy vitty Vella vor enny keendest Theng. Come, nif tha wut ha en, chell gee tha good Stub. Thare's net a spreyyer Vella in *Challacomb*.

MARGERY.

Bet, Grammer, wull ye be zo good's ya zey, nif zo be, vor your Zake, es vorce ma zel to let en lick a bit about ma?

OLD NELL.

OLD NELL.

Ay, es tell tha ——— [*Afide.*] ——— Cham ageft hare ell dra en into a Promish wone Dey or wother.

ANDREW.

Well, Ont *Nell*, es hired whot ya zed, and es than ye too. — Bet now chave a zeed ye, tes zo good as chad a eat ye, as they uze to zey. Es must go home now as vast as es can. — Cozen *Magery*, wont ye go wey ma a lit Wey.

MARGERY.

Mey be es mey go up and zee Ont *Moreman*, and mey be es mant

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the open Country.

Enter ANDREW followed by MARGERY.

MARGERY.

AD! es'll zee en up to *Challacomb-Moor* Stile. — Now must es make wise chawr a going to Ont *Moreman's*, and only come thes Wey.

[Aside.

ANDREW.

[Spying ber.] Cozen *Magery*, Cozen *Magery*! stap a lit. Whare zo vast mun? —
[She stays.] — Zo, now es zee ya be as good as yer Word; na, and better; vor tha zedst *mey be chell, and mey be chont.*

MARGERY.

Oh, ya take tha Words tether Wey. Es zed *mey be chell, and mey be chont* go up and zee Ont *Moreman*. Es zed no more an zo. Es go thes Wey vor to zee *bare* that es oll. Bet chudent go zo vur to meet enny Man in *Challacomb*, ner *Parracomb*, ner it in oll
King

King *George's* Kingdom, bleis hes Worship!
Meet tha Men aketha! ——— Hah! be
quiet, es zey, a creeming a Body zo. And
more an zo, yer Beard precketh ill - va-
vourdy. Es marl whot these gurt black
Beards be good vor. Ya ha made ma Chucks
buzzom.

ANDREW.

Well, whot's zey, Cozen *Magery*? Chell
put in tha Banes a *Zendey*, *volus nulus*.

MARGERY.

Than es ell vorbed men, vath.

ANDREW.

Oh! chell trest tha vor thek. Es dont
thenk you'll take zo much Stomach to yer
zel as to vorbed men avore zo menny Vokes.
—— Well, Cozen *Magery*, good Neart.

MARGERY.

Cozen *Andra*, good Neart. — Es wish ye
well to do.

SCÈNE

SCENE MARGERY's Home.

To THOMASIN enter MARGERY.

MARGERY.

ZESTER *Tamzen*, whare at? Whare
at, a popeling and a pulching? Dost
hire ma?

THOMASIN.

Lock, lock, lock! Whot's the Matter,
Magery, that tha leapest, and capereft, and
whistleft, and zing'ft zo? Whot art thee
hanteck?

MARGERY.

That's nort to nobody. Chell whistley,
and capery, and zing; vor oll thee. — Bet it
vor oll, nif tha wuttent be a Labb of tha
Tongue now, chell tell tha zometheng. —
Zart! whistery! — Ma Banes g'in a Zen-
day, vath, to *Andra*, tha spicest Vella in
Sherwill Hunderd.

THOMASIN.

THOMASIN.

O La! why thare lo! Now we shall be marry'd near together; vor mine be in and out agen; — thof my Man dont it tell ma tha Dey. Es marl ha dont pointee, whot's in tha Meend o'en.

MARGERY.

Chell g'in to *Moulton* Tomarra pritty tapely, to buy zome Canvest vor a new Chonge.

THOMASIN.

Ay, ay; zo do; vor tha cassent tell whot mey happen to tha in thy middle Banes.

MARGERY.

How! ya gurt Trapes! — Whot deft me-an by thek? Es scorn tha Words. Ded ort hap to *thee* in *thy* middle Banes? Happen aketha!

THOMASIN.

Hah! Ort happen to *me* in ma middle Banes? Es scorn et to tha Dert o' ma Shoes, locks zee, ya mencing, kerpig Baggage. — Varewell.

F I N I S.

THOMASIN.

O! why share I! Now we shall be
marry'd near together; yet mine be in and
out again; — that day when thou is tell me
the Day. His man's pointed, whose
in the M-end of



MARY.

Oh! I'm in to Mandy's pretty tapestry
to buy some Canvas for a new Change.

THOMASIN.

Alas! we do; for — I can tell you
may happen to this in my middle Baner.

MARY.

How! you say? — What dost thou mean
by that? Is there any Words? Did our hap
to this in the middle Baner? I happen at that!

THOMASIN.

Hah! Our hap to this in my middle
Baner? Is there any Words? Did our hap
looks see, ye mean, keeping Baggage.
Vatwell.

